/16 cont./

342 177 199 [114] In the building method described by me, however, the circular ground-plan is retained, in spite of the three center posts. According to Koch-Grünberg, the gable roofs and huts with elliptical ground-plan and others of a square shape owe "their origin obviously to European influence" (57). On this point I am in com-

57. Koch-Grünberg, 1923a, p. 22.

plete agreement with the above-mentioned investigator and therefore believe that this maloka built by the Surára, which they modeled after the community house of the Xiriána, actually developed from the Karaiben conical-roofed hut, while the roof represents a borrowing from the civilized world (palm-straw huts of the caboclos). This is also indicated by the construction of the chief's hut within the periphery of the large, open maloka, [184] which likewise has a gable roof (see p. 29). It is noteworthy, however, that the maloka of the Surára has a height of ten meters, while the round huts mentioned by Koch-Grünberg show 342 825 a height between 4.20-5.57 meters (58). My question as to why

58. Koch-Grünberg, 1923a, p. 21.

the Surára in the sierra occupy an open maloka and on the Cachoeira dos Índios on the upper Aracá a closed one was answered to the effect that in the higher, cooler region between Demini and Aracá there are practically no mosquitoes, whereas there are relatively many along the riverbank of the Aracá. This explanation is very plausible, for in the closed community-houses of the Indians there are no gnats. They avoid the semidarkness and the smoke of the constantly burning fire.

2. Bridges

● 501 484 491 Boats are not used by the Surára and Pakidái. When, on their narrow forest paths which are scarcely discernible to our eyes, they come to brooks, they simply wade across. In the case of wider brooks which are greatly swollen during the rainy

Guahibo SC14
Yabarana SS22
Panare SS21
Sanema
Saliva SS15
Makiritare SS20

/11 cont./

All these basins, without exception, pour their great volumes of water into the Orinoco, which, like a gigantic arc, runs across the north of the Escudo de Guayana, thus enclosing all the native tribes studied here and marking the farthermost boundary and end of their primitive world (cf. ethnic map /see p. 5 /). /12/ /Map appears here./

/13/ It is interesting to point out that the extensive fluvial network of the Orinoco-Ventuari zone does not serve the majority of the tribes as a means of communication or as an outstanding source of food. The Panare of the basin of the Cuchivero do not travel by river, and on the Cuchivero we found only one dugout /bongo/, which was used solely for crossing the river. In general the curiara /dugout canoe/ seems to be a foreign element in Panare culture, introduced recently by the Creoles. Nor did the Yabarana of the basin of the Ventuari use the curiara, and they recently learned from their neighbors, the Makiritare, the art of making them. For the Sanemá the river represents an obstacle rather than a means of communication, and they use rafts in order to cross it. At the present time, only the groups who live in symbiosis with the Makiritare make curiaras, but there is not the slightest doubt that this industry was adopted recently. The Sanemá spend less time at fishing than do the Panare, Yabarana, and Guahibo, since the latter too are among those Indians oriented toward the land, with its roads, rather than toward the rivers and navigation. The only real voyagers of the Orinoco-Ventuari zone are the Piaroa and the Makiritare, and the fame of the latter exceeds that of the former.

Culturally, the Makiritare belong to a Neo-Indian level, as do their cousins of the same linguistic affiliation, the Panare and the Yabarana. It is interesting, however, to call attention to the fact that to speak of Caribe /Carib/ Indians is not the same eo ipso as speaking of voyaging Indians. There are Neo-Indians who are ignorant of the curiara and who developed agriculture, not in a Meso-Indian culture (of fishermen and voyagers), but basically on top of a Paleo-Indian culture (of hunters). Meso-Indian cultures, such as that of the Warao, for example, and possibly that of the Piaroa, represent a specialization of the Paleo-American who was

[Text continues on P. 4]

/200 cont./

162 C. Sanemá of the upper Ventuari (Nabudub)

Locality	No. Inhabitants	Observations
1. Wewẽña	50	The Nabudub of Ihuduña frequently move between the Ventuari and the Erebato.
2. Wadekuña	80	
3. Mahanaña	50	
4. Ihuduña	200	
Total	380 estimated individuals.	

161 According to this demographic estimation there are approximately 2,150 Sanemá in the zone of the upper Ventuari, Erebato, and Caura. We do not know how many Sanemá live on the Padamo.

342 We have seen four different types of houses among the Sanemá: (a) windscreen type, (b) triangular in shape and Makiritare system, (c) rectangular, and (d) oblong. We have found types (a) and (b) together in the same encampment on the Ventuari, facing Caño Mosquito.

342 361 [501] [137] [262] On our trip through that place we saw two Sanemá rafts moored on the bank of the Ventuari. We later climbed a cliff and followed a path which led us to a conuco of the Sanemá. At one end there was a gigantic algarroba tree laden with fruit. Judging from the skins scattered on the ground, we realized that the Sanemá had consumed a great quantity. Near the tree, which in times past offered them /201/ its generous shade, we found a desolate Sanemá encampment. It was made up of five triangular huts and two of the windscreen type. Both types of construction seem to be typical of the Yanoama and are remarkable for their size, somewhat small. For the construction of a triangular cabin six poles 1.60 meters long are needed to serve as posts or supports. Three pairs are made out of them, each bound at the upper end with a bejuco, and with some 30 centimeters left free in order to form a fork. The lower parts of the poles are stuck into the ground at a distance of half a meter. These forks in tepee form with a separation of two meters form a regular triangle. Three sticks are later placed on the forks, and these support the roof made of platanillo /Musaceae/ leaves. A similar rancho was described by Koch-Grünberg (1923, Pl. 43).

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[824]

4: Wilbert--72 E-4, 5 (1958) 1963 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema

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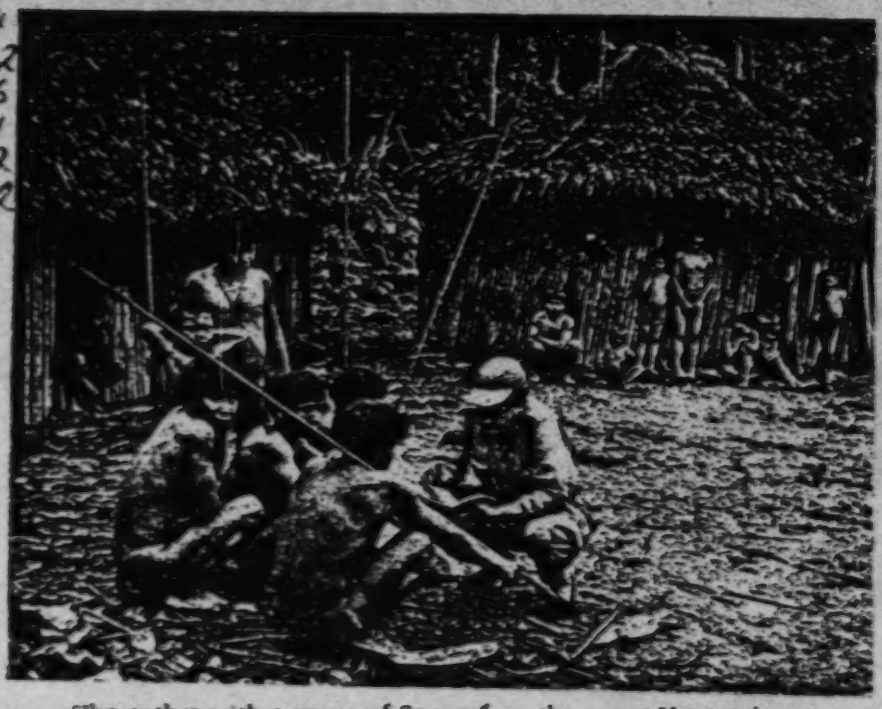

The author with a group of Sanemá on the upper Ventuari.

501

Sanemá raft.

6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema

approaching, and barked in astonishment: the Indians made signs, urging us not to shoot them. The otter is an animal with a strong dose of magic in his veins, and to kill him would be asking for prolonged rain. 8-80

From the Mari we passed into its smallest tributary, the Uaina, and thence into the insignificant Moné—a yellow, stagnant stream, perpetually overgrown, like a green tunnel. Great tree-trunks blocked our passage and the Indians clambered out armed with axes to deal with them. Sometimes a trunk would lie just a few inches under the surface, so that it was impossible to hack through it. With the motor at full throttle we would literally skip over such obstacles, taking care to hoist up the outboard just in time to avoid smashing it against the submerged trunk. Each time we rounded a curve the Indians waved their arms and announced the Moné landing ahead; but when, on the second evening of our journey up the Moné, the landing did come into view at last, no one noticed. It was only by pure chance that we didn't overshoot the spot.

Old ruined huts, mouldering and full of spiders, crickets, and beetles, littered the Moné beach. We had to build fresh ones. The others we burned as firewood. The next day we set out through the forest with the first boat. But for all the vast local knowledge of the Sape men, we went up the wrong stream! And after a long day of gruelling effort the canoe ended up in a dry little stream-bed where, so far as we could judge, we were at least two kilometres further up the Kupãpaipà.

Our plight was serious. A boat weighing a thousand pounds couldn't possibly be got down this sandy ditch. Far the better plan would be to turn back and retrace our steps, in spite of the difficulty, and lose two days. But for the moment we decided to do nothing, leaving the craft where she was, wedged between a tree-trunk and a mudbank.

The *Pirata*, without the misleading help of the Sape guides, made her way triumphantly straight to the right beach without any loss of time at all. 123 *

While we were coming back from the Kupãpaipà to the [illegible] on the Moné the Sape men heard something in the distance which alarmed them: other Indians were approaching from the direction of the Mari. We very soon met them. They were hauling a little canoe, the common small boat of Guiana known as a *curiara*. It was a flimsy affair, which slipped along over the poles we had laid down for our own boat as if it was on water. Sitting in it was a girl with a child like some horrible spider clinging to her back. The boy was a mere [501] [854]

[pp. 1-24 not processed]

6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema

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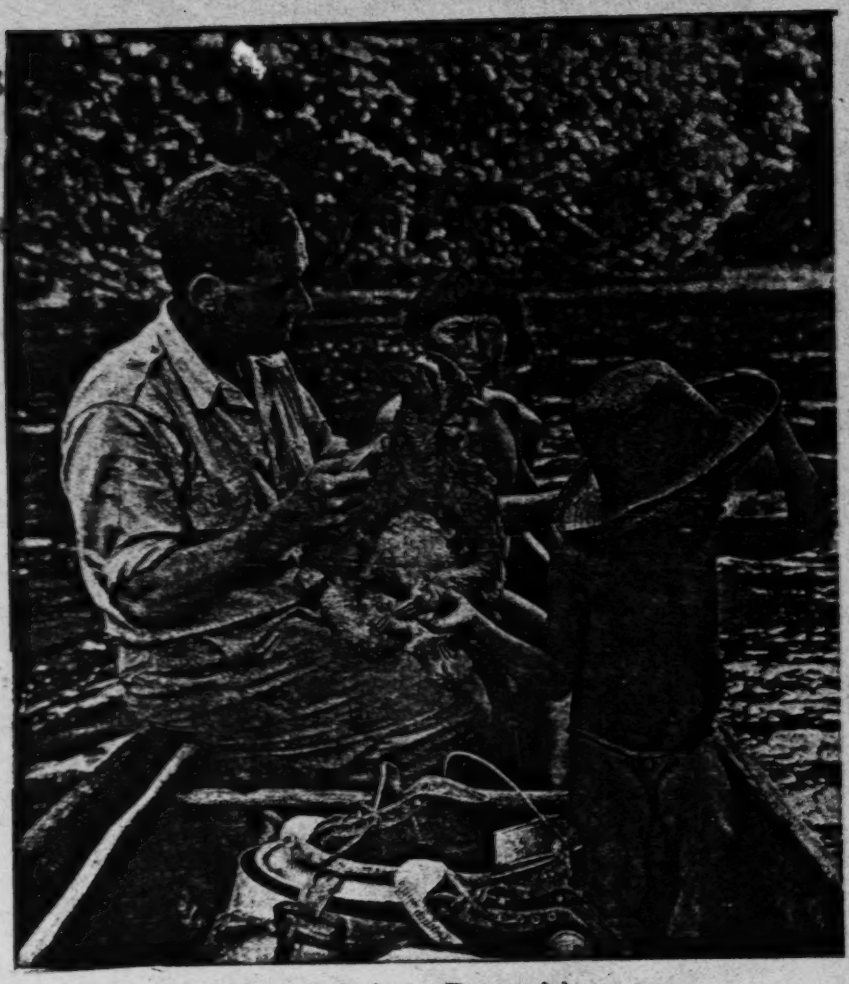

14. On the river Wagne: a sloth.

[p. 96 - D]

6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema

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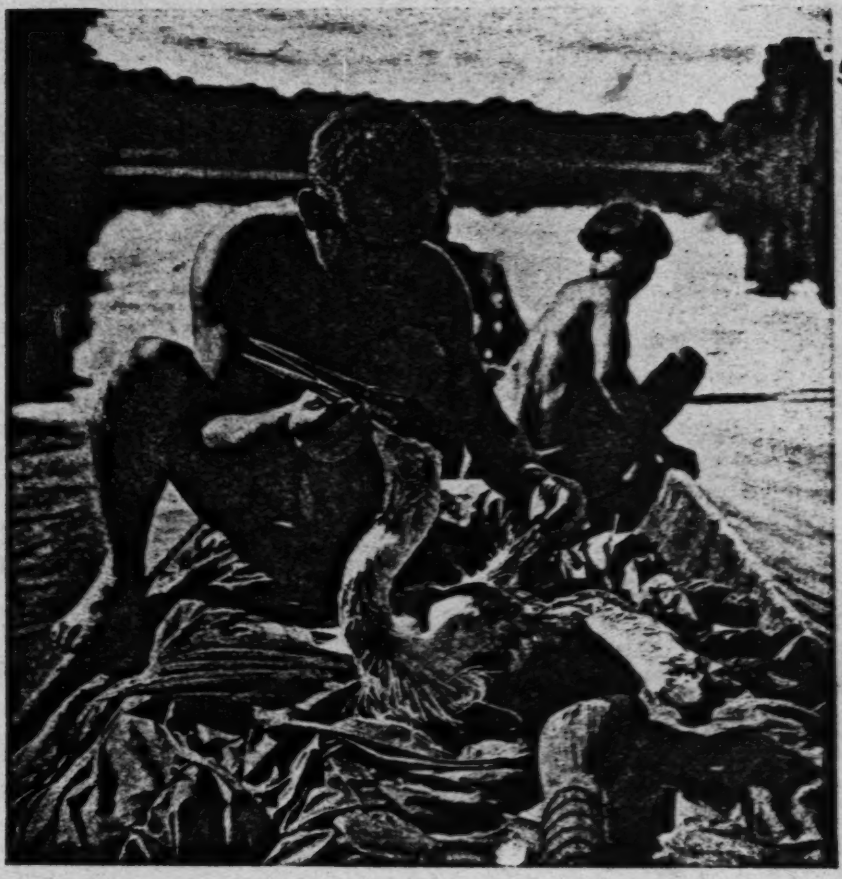

The hero.

[p. 96-G]

6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema

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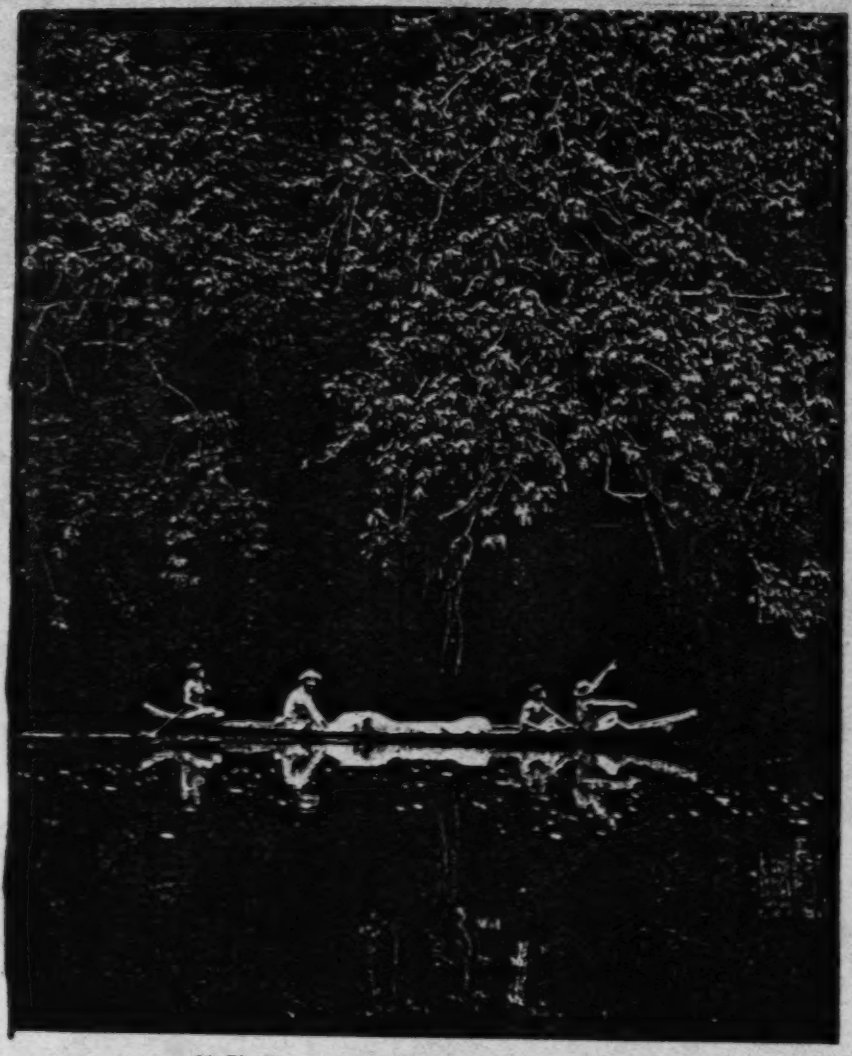

26. *The Mavaari is quiet enough in its upper reaches.*

[p. 144 -E]

6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema

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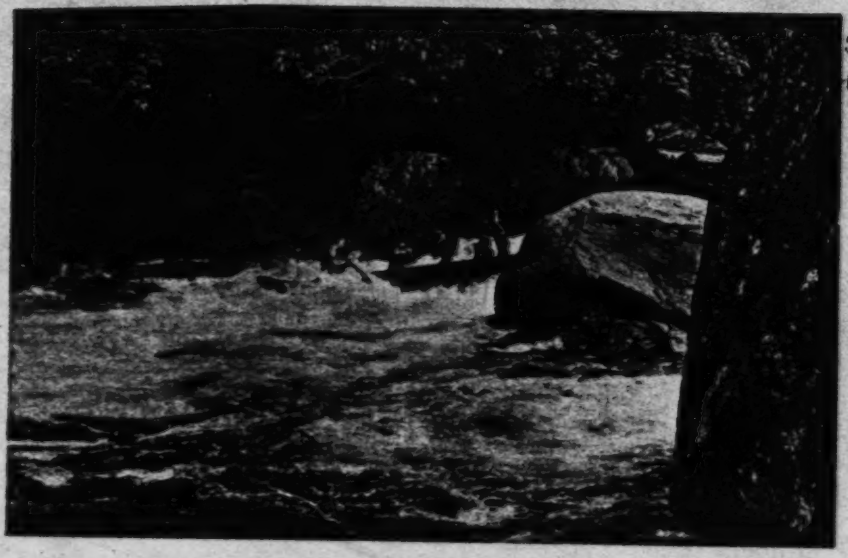
47. *A masterpiece of boat design takes the mountain road.*

[p. 192 - F]

6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema



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48. A dramatic moment on the Ventuari.

49. The end of the rapids.

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[b. 192 -G]

6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema
Uaca

123

This fantastic appellation sounded quite harmonious in the forest, even to Indian ears, and brought Dolfuss' followers out of their concealment, splashing through the water towards us.

[131] [101] Dolfuss belonged to the Shirians of the Uaka tribe. These are scattered over the territory bounded by the Matacuni, the Padamo and the tributary streams of the Upper Ventuari. They are similar in appearance to the Pulipuli people, though rather more savage. They were very timid, and full of references to the Guayca, who they said were very active in this area, particularly in the parts we had just come from.

With Dolfuss there was an old man who was always either squatting down or else propping himself up on one leg; and two dour, surly-looking boys, who kept well away from our guns with a gleam of terror in their eyes. The next morning brought a whole host, along with women and children too, and of course we had to let them all examine our beards and rub themselves against them, and investigate other more detailed peculiarities of our anatomy. By urging the whole crowd of them on with sweeping gestures, we managed to get on our way very quickly, and a few hours later arrived on the banks of the Ocamo, a smallish river but strangely resembling the Upper Merevari. From the last high point we had been able to make out some huge flat-topped massifs, blue in the haze of distance, which must certainly have belonged to the Duida-Marahuaca group. For a moment, we hoped to come out on a patch of savannah land where we should be able to dry the damp forest mould out of ourselves and our belongings. But the Shirians told us there was no savannah in these parts.

[361] [501] [342] [162] [165] The Uaka huts were on the side of a hill, a hundred yards from the right bank of the river, which we crossed by means of a length of rotten wood, shaped like a canoe. There were three buildings, each with the single-span sloping roof, very humble affairs, so low-pitched that inside them one risked getting a beam in one's eye at any moment. There were about fifty of these people, and among them we noticed many who had reached a considerable age, which is unusual. There must have been some aspect of the Ocamo region which favoured longevity in the inhabitants. There was an 'ape-man' too—an old, solitary fellow, almost dumb, who came up to us with gurgles of amazement, not daring to touch us. However, he took one of the axes when we gave it to him and with the aid of some of the youngsters started making us a cabin.

Life with the Shirians was made extremely difficult by their petulant ways

6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema
Makiritare SS20
Uaca

and by their squalor—which we just had to accept. However, better that than our last two lonely nights over again, and our two days' rest here did us good.

Plans for continuing our journey did not go as smoothly as we should have wished. Not one of the Uaca was inclined to go down the Ocamo with us. It seemed there were a lot of Guayca Indians along the river, and that there weren't sufficient canoes. Apart from the old log which had enabled us to cross the river, there was only one little craft, and this had a gaping hole in the bows, stopped up with a great lump of clay to make it watertight. The only way open to us otherwise lay westwards towards the Matacuni: the Uaka declared that we could get there with only one *maneshi* (overnight stop). We should have to climb a mountain, but it was not high and there was a pass. On the Matacuni there were other Uaka, and then, higher up—if we understood them correctly—there were some Ukumatari, savage and suspicious, but not bad men. It didn't take us long to come to a decision, and we started out for the Matacuni.

The first day's march brought us, in the evening, to a col between two great round humps of granite, from which we could make out, to the west, the vertical wall of the Duida mountains. We looked longingly in their direction, knowing that at their foot lay the savannah land of Esmeralda and the great Orinoco.

But the Matacuni Uaka seemed equally reluctant to take us down their river as far as the Orinoco, and they too gave as a reason the eternal fear of the Guayca. To go any further westwards, relying on the problematical tracks, seemed too difficult a project, and one that held out little hope of success. True, we might reach the Padamo, but if no-one was willing to take us down that river either, where were we to make for then? We couldn't keep trekking over the whole of the *Territorio Amazonas* (the southern tip of Venezuela) from river to river until we got to the Orinoco. There was only one thing to do, however paradoxical it sounded: follow the Matacuni right up to its source. The Uaka were prepared, for a suitable fee, to escort us there, doing the trip in ten days. We could then cross the mountains, which seemed to be inhabited by other Uaka, and descend one or other of the tributaries of the Ventuari watershed. This route bristled with difficulties: from the Matacuni rapids to the problems we should have to face on the northern cordilleras, but these caused the Uaka no sinking of the heart and they were ready to tackle them. They told us too that when we reached the highlands by this route we should run into the Makiritari tracks leading from the Ventuari-Erbato-Merevari territory to the

9:Grelier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18

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TOP: One evening, thirteen Guaharibos from the Padamo arrived. (*Photograph by J. Grelier*)

BOTTOM LEFT: Guaharibo Indian. Notice the length of his bow and arrows. (*Photograph by J. Grelier*)

BOTTOM RIGHT: Guaharibo woman. (*Photograph by J. Grelier*)

[p.64-B]

9:Grolier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18
Guaharibo

101 Guiano-Amazonas district of Venezuela, is neither so simple nor clear-cut as it at first appears. None of the Indians of the Guianian highlands are natural settlers. The more primitive groups, who live entirely from cropping the forest, fishing and hunting, are compelled to lead wandering lives; and those who practise agriculture and live in villages are ever ready for [167] a change of scene. These things, allied to an ingrained migratory instinct, lead them to keep moving about the country throughout their lives.

More Guaharibos from the Padamo

123 On the afternoon of May 25th another party of Guaharibos arrived at Esmeralda. I was approaching the jetty in one of the boats when I heard Francisco shouting from the other bank. It was nothing new to hear Francisco's bellowing; whenever he had killed a tapir that was too heavy for him to carry alone, or when the day's bag was too big to be loaded on his minute *curiara*, he would give tongue in this manner. I turned back to join him and as I did so he pointed with a paddle to an Indian craft which till then had been hidden from me by the bank-side vegetation. I steered towards it, standing up in the boat and making gestures of welcome and friendship. For an answer two men stood up timidly in their • [501] boat as I went over to them and circled round them. Their craft, which rocked buoyantly in my wash, was built of a single strip of bark. It was similar to the one the children had left behind them, but bigger and contained thirteen people. Then I led them back to the landing-stage.

The official reception of these people we left to Butrón, who had a wonderful gift for this sort of thing. He quickly had some machetes brought out as gift-offerings. Of the boat's crew nine were young men in their teens, two of whom had their faces blackened with charcoal. Among them was Mopare, the eldest of our first visitors. Two children of about six and two young women tried to efface themselves against the bottom [291] of the boat. The youths wore some cotton material round their middles which was secured back and front by a belt of string. The women wore a sort of fringed apron no more than a few inches across.

9:Grelier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18
Guahariˈbo

123 [301] [501]

than a few inches across. All had their ears pierced by sticks slightly thicker and longer than a cigarette. Their paddles were short and as crudely constructed as the boat itself, some being roughly rounded and others no more than discs lashed with lianas to a pole handle.

To these primitives we must have appeared a strange collection. Who are these beings—they must have asked themselves—who go about dressed, shod and bearded, and who point queer things at us which go "click"? And the many boats lined up there, that go so fast and make much noise! Mopare had probably told them wonderful tales, but since he had left the camp when it was still in embryo, he was doubtless as much amazed by its present size as the others. There was a moment of hesitancy and then Butrón held out a machete and said: "*Shori! Shori! Noji!*" He told us this meant "friend" or "relative". In exchange for the machete, he demanded the man's bow and arrows. The size of the bow surprised me, since it was taller than the man himself. One by one the Indians disembarked and surrendered their arms in exchange for machetes. All except a fine, well-built brave who seemed to be their leader and who remained sitting in the stern of the boat, watchful and silent. The women, still cowering, stayed near him. At last, seeing his companions on shore and our attitude giving no cause for mistrust, he was reassured. Courteously and with dignity he held out a hand to the women, who were still apprehensive.

"Padamo?" we asked him.

"Padamu, Padamu," he replied.

[194]

The final vowel, nasal and strongly accentuated, lies between "o" and "ou". The word is indigenous and has been the river's official nomenclature since the time of Diez de la Fuente.

"Guaharibo?"

Another nasal sound which cannot be transcribed followed. It was a sort of grunt and could have meant "Yes". And then: "Guaharibo".

"Waïka?"

[648]

A worried look, followed by the gesture of bending a bow.

"Waïka—pfft! Waïka—pfft!"

9:Grelier K-5 (1951) 1957 SQ18 Yanoama SQ 18
Waica

Barker told us that it was no more than a temporary stopping-place on one of the jungle trails, no family ever remaining for more than a week. And so we found on our various return visits. The inhabitants were always different and their numbers varied considerably. Barker could not tell us how frequently these villages occur in the forests. He said he had been to only one other during his seven months' stay.

Every home possesses two or three calabashes, gourds and baskets, all dyed with ochre and some decorated with macaw or toucan feathers. All such objects of daily use have loops of string tied to them by which they can be hung from the hut's roof. Each family also has its little knives of capybara teeth. Firesticks are kept carefully packed away to keep them dry during disuse, as fire is always available from glowing embers that are never allowed to go out. We saw a number of baskets which women carry on their backs, but could not discover what they were used to carry—probably household utensils in the course of their journeyings. I could find no Waika musical instrument, but in one hut, the only one with no hammock in it, I came across a sort of fibre cape hanging from a beam. As this was the only garment of any sort that I saw, it may well have been a ritual robe.

In every house there was at least one fire, and joints of unskinned peccary and branches of green bananas hung from many rafters. In an unornamented earthenware jar shaped like a bell we saw a peccary's head boiling whole with all its hair and skin. In another hut a child was eating a small alligator which had been grilled on the embers.

The Waikas do not know salt and spat out the little we gave them in disgust. We thought that perhaps the huge quid of tobacco which the men, women and children keep under their lower lips might perhaps compensate for this deficiency. As with the Guaharibos, the women make up the quids every morning, impregnating them with their own saliva before passing them on to their mates.

Barker said he had never known Waikas to build or use any sort of river-craft—not even a raft. He told us that the

11: Chagnon E-5 (1964-1968) 1968 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18

that I had to become very much like the Yąnomamö to be able to get along with them on their terms: sly, aggressive, and intimidating. 114 123

Had I failed to adjust in this fashion I would have lost six months of supplies to them in a single day or would have spent most of my time ferrying them around in my canoe or hunting for them. As it was, I did spend a considerable amount of time doing these things and did succumb to their outrageous demands for axes and machetes, at least at first. More importantly, had I failed to demonstrate that I could not be pushed around beyond a certain point, I would have been the subject of far more ridicule, theft, and practical jokes than was the actual case. In short, I had to acquire a certain proficiency in their kind of interpersonal politics and to learn how to imply subtly that certain potentially undesirable consequences might follow if they did such and such to me. They do this to each other in order to establish precisely the point at which they cannot goad an individual any further without precipitating retaliation. As soon as I caught on to this and realized that much of their aggression was stimulated by their desire to discover my flash point; I got along much better with them and regained some lost ground. It was sort of like a political game that everyone played, but one in which each individual sooner or later had to display some sign that his bluffs and implied threats could be backed up. I suspect that the frequency of wife beating is a component of this syndrome. since men can display their ferocity and show others that they are capable of violence. Beating a wife with a club is considered to be an acceptable way of displaying ferocity and one that does not expose the male to much danger. The important thing is that the man has displayed his potential for violence and the implication is that other men better treat him with respect and caution. 114 123 152 [593]

After six months, the level of demand was tolerable in the village I used for my headquarters. The Indians and I adjusted to each other and knew what to expect with regard to demands on their part for goods, favors, and services. Had I confined my fieldwork to just that village alone, the field experience would have been far more enjoyable. But, as I was interested in the demographic pattern and social organization of a much larger area, I made regular trips to some dozen different villages in order to collect genealogies or to recheck those I already had. Hence, the intensity of begging and intimidation was fairly constant for the duration of the fieldwork. I had to establish my position in some sort of pecking order of ferocity at each and every village. 114 121 123

For the most part, my own "fierceness" took the form of shouting back at the Yąnomamö as loudly and as passionately as they shouted at me, especially at first, when I did not know much of their language. As I became more proficient in their language and learned more about their political tactics, I became more sophisticated in the art of bluffing. For example, I paid one young man a machete to cut palm trees and make boards from the wood. I used these to fashion a platform in the bottom of my dugout canoe to keep my possessions dry when I traveled by river. That afternoon I was doing informant work in the village; the long-awaited mission supply boat arrived, and most of the Indians ran out of the village to beg goods from the crew. I continued to work in the village for another hour or so and went down to the river to say "hello" to the men on the supply boat. I was angry when I discovered that the Indians had chopped up all my palm boards and used them to paddle their own canoes[9] across the river. I knew that if 114 123 [799]

[9]The canoes were obtained from missionaries, who, in turn, got them from a different tribe. [501] [439]

276 [412] powder as it dries, the flat side of a stone axe[8] serving as the grinding pestle. The dried, green powder, no more than several tablespoons full, is then swept onto a leaf with a stiff feather. The men then gather around the leaf containing the drug, usually in the late afternoon, and take it by blowing the powder into each other's nostrils (see Fig. 2-3). A small quantity of the powder is introduced into the end of a hollow cane tube some 3 feet long. The tube is then flicked with the forefinger to scatter the powder along its length. One end of the tube is put into the nostril of the man taking the drug, and his helper then blows a strong blast of air through the other end, emitting his breath in such a fashion that he climaxes the delivery with a hard burst of air. Both the recipient and the blower squat on their haunches to do this. The man who had the drug blown into his nostrils grimaces, groans, chokes, coughs, holds his head from the pain of the air blast, and duck-waddles off to some leaning post. He usually receives two doses of the drug, one in each nostril. The recipient usually vomits, gets watery eyes, and develops a runny nose. Much of the drug comes back out in the nasal mucus that begins to run freely after the drug has been administered. Within minutes after the drug has been blown into a man's nose, he begins having difficulties focusing his eyes and starts to act [187] intoxicated. The drug allegedly produces colored visions, especially around the periphery of the visual field, and permits the user to enter into contact with his particular *hekura*, miniature demons that dwell under rocks and on mountains. The man begins to chant to the *hekura* when the drug takes effect, inviting them to come and live in his chest.

245 276 The Yąnomamö also cultivate a tree, *bisiowa*, that produces hallucinogenic seeds. These are prepared in exactly the same manner as the noncultivated drug.

322 396 TROUGHS AND CANOES The Yąnomamö use the bark of another kind of tree to make a trough and a crude canoe, both of which are nearly identical in shape, size, and method of construction. The tree is beaten with clubs to loosen the bark. The bark is then removed in one piece and hauled back to the village. The ends are heated in a fire to make them pliable and folded back to make the ends of the container. They are held firm by lashing two sticks together, pinching the folded bark into a flat-nosed basin. The interior bark surface becomes the exterior surface of the soup container. If the container is to be used as a canoe, a crude framework of sticks is added to the inside, giving • 501 it more stability. The craft is so crude and heavy that the Yąnomamö generally do not use it for any purpose other than the trip for which it was intended, usually a downstream trip, since it would be almost impossible to move against a current in this rough craft. It is easier to walk than to try to pole the canoe upstream. The canoe, hence, is usually discarded after it makes its maiden voyage. Another will be made when it is needed.

415 574 264 The container is pinioned to the ground with stakes if it is to be used as a soup trough. Each time a feast is held, one or more of these bark containers is made in front of the headman's house, filled with the boiled ripe plantain soup, and frequented by the hungry guests, who dip out the soup with gourd spoons. The trough is thrown on the village rubbage heap after the feast is over.

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[172] [8]They find the stone axes when they make new gardens, explaining that the spirits left them behind for the Yąnomamö to use. This area was occupied in the distant past by tribes whose relationship to the present Yąnomamö is uncertain.

11: Chagnon E-5 (1964-1968) 1968 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18

Here, he intended to make a bark canoe and float the rest of the way back down, but they located a dugout canoe someone had concealed,[3] so they borrowed this and reached home about dark, three days after Sharaiwã had been bitten. He survived the snake bite, but Kaobawã was very exhausted from the trip.

That night an advance party of the raiders returned, chanted briefly with Kaobawã, explaining that they had reached Patanowã-teri, shot and killed one man, and fled. The Patanowã-teri pursued them, got ahead of them at one point, and ambushed them when they passed. They wounded Konoreiwã of Monou-teri, shooting a bamboo-tipped arrow completely through his chest just above his heart.

The next morning the main body of raiders returned to the village, carrying Konoreiwã with them in a litter. They had removed the arrow, but he was very weak and continuously coughed up mouthfuls of blood. They put him in a hammock and tended his fire for him. They asked me to treat his wound.

He lay in his hammock for a week, not eating or drinking all that time—the Yanomamö have a taboo against taking water when wounded with a bamboo-type arrow, and Konoreiwã was slowly wasting away. Finally, I could stand it no longer and made a batch of lemonade. I called for them to gather around, ceremoniously crushed an aspirin into the lemonade, and explained that this was very powerful medicine. So powerful that it had to be diluted with a large amount of water. I then demanded that he take some, which he gladly did, the others not interfering. By then he was so weak that he could not sit up, so I spoon-fed the liquid to him. A knowing glance passed between us as he gulped down the first spoonful of sweet liquid. He ultimately recovered.

The two men who shot the fatal arrows into the Patanowã-teri were both brothers of the slain Damowã. They were killers and had to purify themselves by going through the *unokaimou* ceremony.

They were given spaces in Kaobawã's *shabono* for their hammocks. The area each man occupied was sealed off from the adjoining houses by palm leaves, and the men had their food brought to them for the week they were confined to this small area. They each used a pair of sticks to scratch their bodies and did not touch the food with their fingers when they ate, again using sticks to transfer the food from the container to their mouths.

At the end of their confinement, the vine hammocks they used while they were on the raid, along with the scratching sticks, were taken out of the village and tied to a particular kind of tree. The hammocks were placed about 6 feet above the ground and separated from each other by about 1 foot. After this was done, the men resumed their normal activities.

Kaobawã felt that he had satisfied his obligation to avenge Damowã's death. The Monou-teri, however, wanted to prosecute the war further and continue raiding. It was at this point that Paruriwã of Kaobawã's group began to emerge as one of the more prominent men in the village. He stepped forward and actively prosecuted the war against the Patanowã-teri, encouraged by the esteem in which the Monou-teri held him. Still, he was not enthusiastic enough for the Monou-teri. On one raid he subsequently led, he elected to turn back and go home when the Patanowã-teri were not found at their main garden. The Monou-teri insisted that the party should continue on until they

[3] The canoe was hidden in the brush by Kaobawã's son-in-law, who lives in a village up the Orinoco. He had come to Bisasi-teri that day to visit and hid his canoe so that the Bisasi-teri would not borrow it.